

Mr Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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ELLEN'S RECOMMENDATION.

By MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"It's no use, Ellen—your trying to get a place in this city without recommendations. Nobody will take you. Why should they? Who wants to take anybody into their house without knowing something about them?"

"But can't I tell them all about myself, Aunt Susan!" The young girl looked up as she spoke, and there shone over her sweet innocent face an expression of amazement.

"You! Do you suppose they'd believe you, you little goose you."

"Why not? I never told a falsehood in my whole life."

"O, you're too green for anything," said her aunt. "What lady, do you suppose, would take the word of an entire stranger to her? No, no, child, that won't do at all. You'd only wear out your shoe leather for nothing."

"But what shall I do, Aunt Susan? I must earn my living some way."

"Well, you needn't worry about it for a month or so. Your uncle and I ain't very fore-handed, but we can keep you for awhile, and maybe something'll turn up. Don't look so sober about it, child. It isn't half as bad as it might be. Think if you'd come to the city and had no place to go to, and many a poor girl is in just that condition. The Lord have mercy on them, too." Mrs. Mason spoke the last sentence very softly, and a new tenderness towards her dead sister's child was born in her heart, as she thought of that fair, innocent young country girl roaming alone through the streets of a great city without food for the day or shelter for the night.

"Something'll turn up, I'm sure it will," she added kindly. "And mean-

while I don't want you to feel a bit dependent on us. Your uncle has needed a new set of shirts this long while, but I've dreaded to tackle them, for my eyes ain't so clear as they once was. But I'll get a piece of linen to-morrow, and if you're a mind to make them up, why it'll be a great help to me, and pay your board three times and over."

"O, Aunt Susan," and Ellen's face bore now the smile of contentment, "I'm so glad you have something for me to do. I love to make shirts, and it'll be such a relief to me to feel that I am not eating the bread of idleness."

The shirts kept Ellen busy for a month, for her aunt would not let her sew only a certain number of hours each day. She took her out and made her familiar with the thoroughfares of the great city, and she gave her glimpses of life as it is in the avenues and in the shops, showing her the outside of palatial mansions, and the inside of tenement houses. Sometimes the young girl's heart grew sick within her at the scenes of distress and sounds of woe that greeted her eyes and ears. Then, again, as she caught sight of the business surroundings of the rich, or listened to the glorious music-tones that reverberated through the arches of some fashionable church, she would hold her breath with strange delight.

The shirts were finished, and washed and ironed, and laid away in the large drawer of the old-fashioned bureau, and yet nothing had turned up.

"I think, Aunt Susan, if I were to take one of these," said Ellen, as she softly smoothed the satiny bosom, "and show it to some lady, she would hire me."

"Ten chances to one if she'd believe you did it, and if she did, she'd want to

know the name of the last lady that employed you."

"Couldn't I send here?"

"You poor little green thing! Am I a lady—"

"Yes, Aunt Susan, If gentleness, and kindness, and goodness to an orphan niece don't make a lady, then I don't know what does."

The old lady wiped her eyes and tried to speak, but the words somehow got strangled in her throat. But O, how she wished she was forehanded enough to keep that young girl always under the shelter of her own roof.

That night, when Ellen as usual ran her eye over the advertisements in the one evening paper her uncle always brought home, she noticed among the wants a situation which she thought would suit her exactly. An old gentleman and his wife wanted the services of a young girl who should not be above housework, and yet who should be capable of doing fine sewing and mending, of reading and of singing old-fashioned tunes.

"I won't say anything to Aunt Susan about it," she thought; "she'll be sure to discourage me with the want of recommendations. But I'll go some time to-morrow, and make an effort to get that place."

Ellen did not know it, but she was the fifteenth girl that had rung that door-bell that day on the same errand. She couldn't get out till afternoon, having been busy all the morning helping her aunt clean the little parlour. If she had known how many had come and gone, she might have faltered in her resolution, but as it was, she bravely rung the bell, and when the white-haired waiter opened the door, said in her usual sweet tones, "Can I see the lady and gentleman who advertised for a help in last night's *Echo*?"

"She's the only one that's been here to-day that looks like suiting them," said he to himself, as he ushered her into the library, where the aged couple sat together discoursing the characters that had revealed themselves that day.

"I read your advertisement," said Ellen, advancing towards them, "and because I believe I can do the things which you require, I have called to see

about the place. But I must tell you, first of all, that I have no recommendations. I have never lived out before. I am a stranger in the city, except in one family, that of my aunt and uncle."

The honest confession won the attention of the aged pair, who had been imposed upon again and again by forged recommendations. Yet the old gentleman said brusquely:—

"It's asking a good deal, this being taken in, an entire stranger to us both, and no one to back you."

"I know it, sir," said Ellen, with a little wavering in her voice; "but how am I ever to get work unless some one trusts me? Aunt said it would be so, but I could not help hoping some one in all this great city would remember the golden rule." She turned quietly to go away, but was arrested by the hand of the old gentleman. He placed her in a chair, and giving her a newspaper, said sharply, "Read the leading editorials."

Ellen read them, her tones faltering a little at first, but soon growing clear and strong.

"That will do. Wife, haven't you got a wristband to be put on?"

The old lady handed her a sewing basket, on which lay a shirt-sleeve and wristband. Ellen drew her chair to the window, and was soon busy gathering and scratching gathers, and sewing on the fine linen band. Meanwhile Mrs. Ellis resumed her knitting, and Mr. Ellis his game of solitaire. Anxious to do her work well, Ellen soon became absorbed in it, and as usual began to sing—she always sang at her sewing.

"Sing louder," said Mr. Ellis, suddenly. "I haven't heard that Scotch air since I was a young man."

Ellen sang, her fingers meanwhile plying rapidly. When the song was ended, she handed Mrs. Ellis the sleeve, replacing carefully the needle she had used, fastening the thread in the spool, and by a few dainty touches re-arranging the work-basket.

"You can read, you can sew, you can sing," said Mr. Ellis. "What else can you do?"

"I was my father's housekeeper from the time my mother died till he died,

six years, sir. I can do all kinds of housework, I believe."

"How soon could you come?"

"Come, sir! O, will you really take me, and without recommendations! O, won't aunt and uncle be proud and happy. I can come to-morrow, sir."

"Come, then," and he waved his hand in token that she might leave. "Recommendations!" said he, as the door closed on her. "She carried them in her person, wife. Did you see how clean her skin was, how smooth her hair, how neat her dress? Not an earring, or breast-pin, or chain or ribbon about her! Dressed to suit her work exactly! A fresh print, a plain white apron, a pair of cuffs and collar as spotless as yours. She knew what I meant, too, when I handed her the paper; not one of the others knew an editorial from shipping news! She took hold of your sewing, too, as if she had only laid it down an hour before! And she sang"—the old man's eyes moistened, "she sang like the sister used to whom I left behind me in the old country.

"Recommendations! Ah, wife, if girls only knew it, these are better recommendations than slips of paper; a neat person, a tidy dress, an honest face, a pleasant voice, and above all, the ability to perform on the instant the work they profess to be able to do."

Mr. Ellis was right. Ellen did suit them—suited them for ten years; and then, when they needed help no longer, she suited a young man so well, that he took her to his home and gave her the sweet name of wife.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

BEGIN the day with God;
Kneel down to Him in Prayer;
Lift up thy heart to him above,
And seek His love to share.
Go through the day with God,
Where'er thy work may be,
Whate'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.
Converse in mind with God;
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.
Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

GOOD SOCIETY.

MANY parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into good society. This is an honourable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion. Parents, your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet, and pure, and true-hearted; who are not vain and frivolous; who think of something else besides dress, or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skilful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all, that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child's soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty and goodness are the only legal coin. The same rule holds for boys as well as girls. You would have these enter good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them in with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you, who dress better than your boy can afford to, and who pride themselves on their social position. Good society for boys is the society of boys who are honest and straightforward, and who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious. They are not in a hurry to become men. They are not ambitious for the company of shallow, heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and are not envious of their friends who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge of their heart's hope upon such jaded favourites. There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or women priding themselves upon the society they enjoy, when verily it is a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust, when they see some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stay the hunger of their souls!

HOW CAMPANINI BECAME A GREAT SINGER.

It is a curious and interesting story how some of our noted singers won their way into great popularity. Some day I may tell you about Madame Patey, once a poor girl, her father a smith in one of our factories. Indeed, not unfrequently our greatest singers are taken from the very humblest walks of life. Wachtel, the great German tenor, who has enchanted the world by his voice, was a cabdriver in the city of Vienna, until the wonderful compass of his voice attracted the attention of a musician, who paved the way for his training and ultimate success as a singer.

Lucca, the noted *prima donna* of the Prussian Court, was a little Bohemian Jewess, whose parents were unable to give her even the first rudiments of an education, and owes her elevation to the marvellous vocal powers which a travelling musician discovered in her.

Campanini, however, was not taken from his humble position to become at once a singer, but first distinguished himself in much harder-fought fields than the profession of a public singer affords. He was one of the first volunteers who flocked to Garibaldi's flag of revolt at Marsala, and served so well that, though a mere youth, he obtained the rank of sergeant, and as such was conspicuous for bravery at the taking of Capua.

There was a good deal of sharp fighting that day, and as he was always in the thickest of it, he brought away two trophies in the shape of sabre-cuts, the scars of which are still visible, one on the neck, the other on the right cheek. In spite of his wounds he fought on, and would probably not have left the campaign had not a severe fever, which nearly cost him his life, obliged him to withdraw. Up to this time he had not the remotest intention of becoming a singer, and it was owing to a mere accident that his remarkable gifts came to be cultivated. At a social gathering, one evening, at which he was a guest, there happened to be present a gentleman who was an authority on singing. He was struck with the purity and promise of young Campanini's voice,

and told him so, recommending him to study singing. This fired the young man, who entered the Conservatory of Parma, and began that career with which the musical world is so familiar.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

IN a recent little volume—a story of Waterloo—a French conscript who had followed Napoleon's flag, and under the awful excitement of false glory had fought well at Leipsic and then at Waterloo, found that in a few hours after that awful defeat of Napoleon the feeling that now peace would come and he could rejoin his loved family came back and perfectly filled his heart which the evening before had been full of fury, and blood, and victory. And as he fled with a companion in lonely woods and fields from Belgium toward France he felt that it mattered not to the millions of French peasantry who should rule them—whether a Louis XVIII. or a Buonaparte—if only war should end and the people be permitted to build up their homes and till their fields and seek once more domestic happiness. And as he retreated his heart bounded like that of Bunyan as he drew near the celestial gates. The old battle-fields of the Emperor became as valleys of sin from which the heart was escaping, and the cottage in France, where the wife and child and mother awaited in grief the slow months that marked an absence which might, amid the thunder of cannons, become an absence of death, were transfigured into a real paradise before the weary soldier. And what a meeting at last there was when that god of war had been sent to the lonely rock in the ocean!

Thus, find this peace of God where you may, whether in the heart of man or in a great nation, you find it to be a mingling of sentiment, and righteousness, and to be as dear as the sunshine or as the breath of life. And you perceive that it is nowhere a repose, but always an action, but an action so free from discord and so full of harmony that it possesses the beauty of all quietude. The world's arts, useful and fine, are all grouped under the title of arts of peace. Not because they are

an idleness, but because they neither make nor encourage or justify the career of war. And the genius which pursues the arts and industries is a genius of peace. Mark how mighty in deeds and in peace are all these children of love and light which for thousands of years have composed our literature, and wrought out our arts, and written our philosophy, and developed our sciences, and thought out our inventions! What rapid progress the human family will make when it shall have fully measured upon all sides the value of this harmony with its God—its value in the individual, helping him away from ignorance and sin, its value in the State, removing the battle-field and substituting the wheat-field and the garden, its value in the Church, helping it to cast out all sin and coldness, and to seek the grandeur of a universal friendship and a universal light and virtue! What every nation needs, what every Church needs, what each soul needs, is that peace of the Almighty which permits and helps every stream of pure water to flow on deeply and rapidly. As the poor peasant of France needed the arrest of a mad ambition, and long days and summers for the home, and the farm, and the shop, so man, the poor peasant in this world of mysterious life, needs that his tyrants be arrested and bound, that like a weary conscript he may hie away to his home, where fields, and vines, and friends, and even God, await him.

TRUSTING WHERE WE CANNOT TRACE.

THAT beautiful hymn of Cowper's in which occurs the stanza—

"Too weak his secrets to *Discern*,
I'll *Trust* him for his grace,"—

is full of sound Christian teaching, but in no regard more so than in the point implied by the contrast given in the words we italicise. The ability of the human mind to *trace* Divine operations is very limited. But the grounds for trust are abundant, and they reach all that the human heart can ever need. Trusting rather than Tracing is both the duty and the privilege of man, and to this his nature is adapted.

Indeed, the pretence of believing only so far as we comprehend, is the extreme of folly. We believe in our own existence, in the realities of our joys and sorrows; but not one of these things can we explain either to ourselves or to others. Daily, we exercise, we must exercise, Trust in God, without being conscious that we do trust Him—often without giving that name to the power and wisdom we trust. Confidence in material phenomena is so much a matter of course, that it hardly enters our thoughts that we are adapting ourselves to a world of mystery—that we are confiding in powers that are inexplicable, whose operations we cannot trace, and whose issues we cannot foresee.

In appealing strongly to our sense of trust, religion makes no peculiar demand upon us. The life of religion is confidence in God; only it calls upon us to recognise a new class of mysteries, which, however, we treat precisely the same as we treat physical mysteries. We cannot tell why sin is permitted to exist, and to cast its blight and mildew on human hearts. We cannot fully explain why temptation is permitted to prove a stumbling-block in the way of the footsteps of innocence. We cannot tell why the strong man is cut down in the meridian of life, at the time when his powers are just matured. The life of souls—the life of the affections—is not less nor more a life of mystery than is the life of our bodies.

We can see, in some cases, immediate causes, and trace immediate effects. We can see that the strong man was broken down by disease; that youthful promise was the victim of the sudden tempest. We can see that temptation strengthens the virtue that does not submit to it; and that sorrow sanctifies and elevates the spirit that does not murmur. And there is much satisfaction in this amount of explanation. But still the real mystery is not revealed; for we cannot tell why the vigorous constitution should be liable to crushing disease, nor why the elevation and purity of souls shall be secured at the cost of so much trial and grief. Even our best solution of suffering and calamity brings us into the presence of mystery. Our explanation needs an explanation.

Religion, recognising the fact that in the life of the human heart there is much that defies explanation, simply calls upon us to treat the mysteries of the soul's experience the same as we treat the mysteries of physical nature—to *trust*. It calls upon us to have faith for the very reason that we cannot know. If we may be assured that He is; that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him; that His goodness is unfailing; that his wisdom never errs, and that His regard for human souls is the love of a Father—what more do we want?

The mysteries of life could torture us if we were compelled to solve them. How idle would it be for the philosopher to seek an explanation of gravitation, the principle of life, or the essence of thought. There have been monomaniacs who have wasted time and bewildered their understandings in such fruitless speculations. We are equally unwise if we attempt to explain the mysteries of the soul. In the fact that they *are* mysteries, it is affirmed that they are not to be explained. And when they bear heavily upon us, and fill us with grief, instead of a fruitless effort to unravel their meaning, we are simply to trust in Him, under whose government all mysteries take place, and who orders them to their end.

THE REASON WHY.

(1) WHY is there a leap year?

Because, there being 365 days and about 6 hours in a year, the twelve months were so divided as to include that number of days.

(2) Why does the Pope wear a triple crown?

Because it is intended to indicate that the Pope is sovereign priest, supreme judge, and sole legislator among Christians.

(3) Why do the Cardinals wear red hats?

Because Innocent IV. enacted that they should do so, to imply a readiness to shed their blood in defence of their ecclesiastical rights.

(4) Why do we call earth, air, fire, and water the four elements?

Because it was considered formerly that they really were elementary, and not, as we now know them to be, compounds. We still, it is true, preserve the old error in our ordinary form of conversation, and writers still use the terms as if they were as ignorant as their forefathers, although they, of course know better. Nothing is more commonly met with in print than such expressions as "the raging *element*," meaning fire, or "the conflicting *elements*," meaning fire and water. It is in this careless way that our language is weakened, and meaningless or misleading words unnecessarily introduced. Words should represent facts, as bank notes represent money. Protest is, however, of very little use.

(5) Why are fools so often compared with "the wise men of Gotham?"

Because of a tradition which says that the magistrates of that place once tried to hedge in a cuckoo, and because of other traditions speaking of acts equally absurd in connection with the men of Gotham.

(6) Why is the word *hip* added to our famous English hurrah?

Because when Peter the Hermit preached the crusade, he used to do so under a banner, on which the letters H. E. P. standing for the Latin words "*Hierosolyma Est Perdita*," Jerusalem is destroyed. Those who did not understand the meaning of these initials used to pronounce the inscription as if it were the one word—Hep, and this word being added to the wild shout hurrah! was used as a kind of battlecry against Jews and infidels.

(7) Why is a printer's boy facetiously named a "printer's devil?"

Because when Aldus Manutius, the printer of Venice, set up in business he possessed a little negro boy, who had been left by some merchant vessel in the port. The boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who helped the mysterious book maker along; for some really believed him to be no other than the embodiment of the evil spirit, who assisted Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. Aldus at length determined to dispel this strange hallucination by publicly displaying the little "blackie" to the poorer classes. Upon

the occasion he made a characteristic speech:—"Let it be known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day made a public exposure of the printer's devil. All those who think that he is not flesh and blood may now come forward and pinch him." The people were, it is said, satisfied, and the poor boy was allowed to continue his work unmolested.

(8) Why do we use the word "humbug?"

Because it is a common expression used to signify deception, or empty pretence. The word is a corruption of Hamburg. It is said that during a period when war prevailed on the Continent, so many false reports and lying bulletins were fabricated in Hamburg, that, at length, when anyone would signify his disbelief of a statement he would say, "you had that from Hamburg." Thus, "That is a Hamburg," which word degenerating into "humbug" became a common expression of incredulity.

(9) Why is the term "land of frogs" applied in banter to the Kingdom of France?

Because in England a vulgar notion existed that the people of France live principally upon frog soup. In explanation of this belief it may be said that a soup is occasionally made in which the legs of frogs with a small portion of the back, are put. We have also them served up with melted butter. The legs of frogs are commonly eaten in Germany as well as in France. We have also seen it stated that the ancient arms of the Bourbons were three creatures resembling frogs instead of the later *fleur-de-lis*. Hence by would-be prophets, the following from Revelation has been applied to France, "three unclean spirits like frogs," &c.

(10) Why are weather cocks generally to be found on church steeples?

Because by a Papal order, made about the middle of the ninth century, it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set upon every church steeple, in order to remind the people of Peter's denial of our Saviour, and his unfeigned repentance.

CHURCH RULES FOR SUNDAY.

Dress hard, all morning, such is fate,
Then enter church some minutes late.

All eyes will then be turned on you,
And will observe your bonnet new.

Let humble modesty wreath your face,
And take your seat in faultless grace.

Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,
And re-arrange your cardinal tie.

Think how religion's prone to bless,
And criticise your neighbour's dress.

Let all your hearts be filled with praise,
And notice Mrs. Miggie's lace.

Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,
And readjust your diamond pin.

Think of how good religion proves,
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.

Catch well the precepts as they fall,
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.

Think of the sinner's fearful fate,
And notice if your bonnet's straight.

Pray for the influence of divine—
That lady's basque, mark and design.

Let tender peace possess your mind,
And criticise that hat behind.

Reflect on Christian graces dear,
And fix those curls beside your ear.

Let your heart warm with silent prayer,
And view that horrid green silk there.

Reflect upon the wicked ways,
See if your gold chain's out of place.

Think of the peace the good shall find,
And wonder who are sitting behind.

Think of the burdens Christians bear,
And notice those strange ladies there.

The last words hear with contrite heart,
And fix your pull-back when you start.

LESSON FROM A CHILD.—A story is told of Leonardo da Vinci's boyhood. The little fellow was accustomed to buy such caged birds as he saw exposed for sale on the streets of Florence, that he might set them free. The little Leonardo early learned the lesson that there is more genuine pleasure in a good act than in good possession. There are, in the path in which each of us walks, many caged birds which we can set free. Of all keys to unlock the prisoned captives, sympathy is the best. A kind word of praise, a hearty expression of goodwill, a little help offered at the right time—none of these things costs much, but each may make the difference to many a sad heart, between joy and sorrow.

CUTTING DOWN.

JOHN FURLONG sat at his desk in the office of Lord and Co. Close application to the duties of his position through a long series of years had driven the colour from his face, until it resembled in hue the leaves of the open ledger before him. From bending over his desk his once broad shoulders had become rounded, and what was once a splendid physique had become emaciated, until scarcely sufficient flesh remained to hold his bony frame together.

One by one had the clerks who had been his assistants and companions been discharged, and their duties added to his, until, overtaxed, overweighted, and overworked, his brain threatened to succumb to the unceasing strain which was slowly but surely sapping away his very life. Yet no word of complaint or expostulation did he utter, but struggled on with an unwavering will to complete the new tasks which together made up the sum of his everyday life.

"We must economise," said Lord and Co." "Labour is a drug in the market, everybody is reducing expenses, and we must cut down—cut down—cut down," and as he threw himself composedly into his luxurious office-chair, the trade money in his capacious pocket seemed to jingle out an echo,—"Cut down—cut down—cut down!"

Wages had been cut down until the *employés* received scarcely enough compensation for their services to purchase a bare existence, and the working force of Lord and Co. had been reduced until one person was compelled to do the work of three. Business was brisk, but day after day would an *employé* be summoned to the private office of the firm, and his pale face, despairing look, and quivering lip, when he emerged therefrom, plainly indicated that he was another victim to the cutting-down process. A summons from the firm to an *employé* to visit their office was an inevitable death-warrant to the victim.

One day John Furlong sat poring over his ledger. His face, if possible, was paler than ever, and his shoulders seemed rounder than ever. His eyes were deep sunken in his head, and the expression of pain that occasionally

flashed across his marble features denoted that his iron will was endeavouring to keep in subjection the terrible nervous suffering under which he was labouring.

"Mr. Furlong," said the office-boy, "Mr. Lord would be pleased to see you in his office."

John Furlong instinctively turned pale. He dropped his pen mechanically, and after a moment's hesitation, during which the blood that flowed through his veins seemed to rush back to his heart, walked deliberately but sadly toward the office in which the senior member sat composedly.

"Ah, Mr. Furlong! Take a seat, Mr. Furlong—take a seat, sir. Glad to see you! Ah, Mr. Furlong, we find we must cut down—we must reduce. Our expenses are altogether disproportionate to our receipts. Economy is our only safeguard, sir—I might say our only salvation. (Boy, order me a carriage at four sure.) We have concluded to dispense with your services, Mr. Furlong, and we will not need you after to-night."

"But, Mr. Lord, after ten years' service in your house, you will not dismiss me in so summary a manner."

"Can't be helped, Mr. Furlong; we must cut down. Everybody is cutting, and we must cut. Can get men to work for less, sir."

"But I am willing to work for less, Mr. Lord."

"Too late, sir—too late. Got a man engaged."

"But, Mr. Lord—?"

"Don't detain me, Mr. Furlong. The carriage is waiting, and the club will have a champagne supper at five. We must cut down, sir."

The senior member of Lord and Co., carefully adjusting his high hat on his bald head, entered the carriage in waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"Poor Emily! what will she do now," said John Furlong, as he stood like one paralysed in the private office of Lord and Co. He heard the office door closed, heard the rattle of the wheels made by the departing carriage, and yet he stood alone in the centre of the office, an impersonation of the statue of despair.

"Poor Emily!" it was all he said, the tears coursed down his pallid cheeks, and fell upon the richly-carpeted floor. With an effort he aroused himself, walked to his desk, closed his books, carefully placed them in the safe, and slowly but sadly walked into the street. His fellow-clerks saw him depart. He was a favourite with them all, and with a saddened feeling they watched him until he was lost to sight.

Instinctively he turned towards his home. The people passing through the crowded thoroughfare jostled him as they passed, but he felt them not; the vehicles rattled through the badly-paved streets, but he heard not a sound. Like wheat before the cradle of the power, he had been cut down. His thoughts were not of himself, and when from between his quivering lips a sound escaped, only two words could be heard, "Poor Emily!"

Stopping in front of a four-story building in the central portion of the city, he walked into the marble-tiled vestibule, put his night-key into the lock, opened the door, and commenced his weary ascent up four flights of stairs. When he reached the upper landing he was exhausted, and almost breathless, but with the aid of the banisters he reached the door of his apartments, opened it by an effort, and staggered into the room.

"John!"

"Emily!"

He had fainted. Exhausted nature could no longer bear the terrible strain. Emily Washburn bent over him. With a woman's instinct she at once perceived the necessity of immediate action, and proceeded to take measures to resuscitate him. She bathed his temples and massaged his hand, and her diligence and perseverance were soon rewarded by signs of his returning consciousness. "My poor brother," said Emily, "I feared this. You have been sadly overworked; your brain has been tasked beyond endurance. You need rest badly, and you must have it."

"I shall have all the rest I need now, my dear sister."

"Oh! how kind of Lord and Co."

"Yes, very kind," said John sarcastically.

"Why, John, what do you mean, have they cut you down again?"

"Cut me down again? Oh! if that was all I would not complain. But worse, far worse than that."

"You do not mean to say that you are—"

"Discharged! Yes, Emily, discharged. Turned out by those whom I have faithfully served for years. I do not care for myself, Emily; I can bear the whips and scorns of life without a murmur, but you, my dear sister—what will become of you and your little children!"

"Never mind us, John. Cheer up! I can battle with the world. I blame myself for being a charge and care upon you, for what would we have done when my husband died but for your kindness. You have given us a home; you have not only been a brother, but a benefactor and saviour to us; you gave up your little home and came to us; your hard earnings have been bestowed on us; you denied us nothing, and now when the dark day of adversity comes, you are without means yourself. Oh! why did I ever permit you to share your hard-earned bounty with us?"

John Furlong was now reclining upon the sofa. When he thought of his almost penniless condition and his broken health, his courage seemed to forsake him. He looked around him. The children were playing around in happy ignorance of the fate which seemed hovering over their little heads. Were they to be "cut down," too, in their infancy? The end of the month was approaching, and the rent had not been entirely accumulated yet. He knew his landlord well. He was inexorable, and unfeeling, and exacting; and if payment was not promptly made he would be dispossessed and turned into the streets. The very thought seemed to drive him almost to distraction.

Emily Washburn stood by the window, gazing abstractedly, but almost distracted, into the street below. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her heaving bosom denoted the terrible struggle that was raging within, and which she was endeavouring with

almost superhuman exertions to suppress. It was not the discharge of her brother from the house of Lord and Co., or any fear for the future welfare, or that of her children, that affected her—with a woman's true heroism, she had already determined to work for them—but the condition of her brother, his emaciated frame, and the knowledge that his heroic struggles for her and her little family had caused it all.

The wheels of an approaching carriage was heard. As it neared the house the horses' heads were turned in towards the curb, and it stopped in front of John Furlong's house.

"John! John!" cried Emily, "a carriage has stopped in front of our door."

"Perhaps Mr. Lord has relented, and sent for me," said John, a faint ray of hope illuminating his pale face.

"There is a lady descending from it!" exclaimed Emily.

"A lady!" echoed John, in a tone of disappointment.

"She is approaching the door, and there, John, she has rung our door-bell," as the tingle of the bell was heard in their hall.

"What shall we do?" said John, vainly endeavouring to sit upright upon the sofa, but sadly failing in the effort.

"What shall we do?" replied Emily. "Why, there's only one thing to do. I shall go down and admit her."

"But surely, she must have made a mistake. Our acquaintances are not in the habit of calling upon us in their carriages," said John, smiling sadly.

"Well, John," said Emily, "if she has made a mistake, it will be very easy to correct it," saying which she descended to the door to meet the caller whose advent had caused such a stir. In a few minutes she returned.

"There is no mistake about it, John, the lady has called at the right place," said Emily.

"And who does she wish to see?" asked John.

"Mr. John Furlong."

"Me! me! Why, sister, who can it be?"

"Here is her card, brother. She is waiting below."

Mr. Furlong almost convulsively seized the card, and read aloud:

"Miss Florence Packard."

"Miss Florence Packard! I cannot see her, Emily. I cannot see her. Tell her I am indisposed. Offer an excuse you think proper, for I cannot—dare not see her to-day."

"I explained your feeble condition to her, John, but instead of withdrawing, she seemed to be more anxious to see you than before," said Emily.

"Tell her I will be better to-morrow and will call upon her. Tell her—"

The door opened gently, and a light footstep glided noiselessly across the carpeted floor toward the sofa on which John Furlong lay. He saw her, and tried to raise himself to a sitting posture.

"Florence!"

"John!"

The effort had exhausted what little strength remained, and he fell back unconscious.

When he revived, Florence Packard sat by his side. Her lace shawl was thrown over the back of the chair, and her dainty little hat occupied another. She kept her little fan busily employed upon his face, and the life-blood was fast returning into its regular channels. In a spirit of gratitude he extended his hand. She grasped it, and held it in hers. For a few minutes not a word was spoken on either side.

"John Furlong," said Florence, "I am not a stranger to the nature of your affection for me. I have known it for years. You love me. You have struggled on and on in the hope of prospering in business and bettering your condition before you made your affection known to me. I have watched you, John Furlong. I am rich and you are poor. Day after day, with a salary that an unprincipled firm was cutting down, you saw your hopes crushed. Still you laboured on with an unflinching zeal. To-day you were discharged. I heard it all. Mr. Lord went to the club, and there boasted of his conduct towards you. In the midst of his hilarity he was seen to reel in his chair and fall. A doctor was summoned, but life had fled. He who had 'cut down' others was in his turn 'cut

own' by the hand of God. When I heard of your misfortunes I hastened here. Surrounded as I am by a host of giddy admirers, I saw at once, and read their hearts. They loved me for my money. There is one brave man who loves me for myself alone, and that man is John Furlong."

"Florence! Florence! you have read my heart aright."

"I know it, John. I know also that your love is returned. I have endeavored to disguise the fact from myself, but it is useless. You would not, from a sense of honour, ask me to become your wife—John Furlong, I ask you to become my husband. You are ill. I cannot leave you. Give me the right to remain and care for you—make me your wife."

"Oh, what joy it would be to me!" said John, in the ecstasy of the moment. "Florence Packard the wife of poor John Furlong! Never!"

"Not never, John, but for ever," said Florence. "I do not care for what the world says. You are all to me, the world is nothing. You will consent?" She pressed her claims eloquently and fervently, but still he resisted, for a day.

He could resist no longer. When he breathed the happy consent Florence found her delicate arms around him, and he kissed the tears from his cheeks.

The house of Lord and Co. is no longer in existence. The share of the senior member was purchased for our friend, and is now known as John Furlong and Co., and when the clerks are summoned to the private office they always emerge with smiling faces. Their salaries have been increased to the old standard, and "cutting down" is unknown in the firm of John Furlong and Co.

FAME.—Thackeray, when speaking about me, would frequently tell the following anecdote: When at dinner one day, he heard one waiter say to another, "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That's the celebrated Mr. Thackeray." "What's he done?" "Blessed I know," was the reply.

TAULER AND THE BEGGAR.

THERE was once a learned man who longed and prayed full eight years that God would show him some one to teach him the way to truth. And on a time, as he was in a great longing, it was said unto him: "Go to such a church porch, and there wilt thou find a man that shall show thee the way to blessedness."

So thither he went, and found there a poor man whose feet were torn and covered with dust and dirt, and all his apparel scarce three hellers' worth.

He greeted him, saying: "God give thee good morrow."

Thereat made he answer: "I never had ill morrow."

Again said he: "God prosper thee!"

The other answered: Never had I aught but prosperity."

"God bless thee!" said the doctor.

"How answerest thou me so?"

"I was never other than blessed."

"Explain to me this, for I understand not."

"Willingly," quoth the poor man. "Thou wishest me good morrow. I never had an ill morrow, for, am I an hungered, I praise God; am I freezing, doth it hail, snow, rain, is it fair weather or foul, I praise God; and therefore had I never had an ill morrow. Thou didst say, 'God prosper thee.' I have been never unprosperous, for I know how to live with God; I know that what He doth is best and what God giveth or ordaineth for me, be it pain or pleasure, that I take cheerfully from Him as the best of all, and so I had never adversity. Thou wishest God to bless me. I was never unblest, for I desire to be only in the will of God, and I have so given up my will to God, that what God willeth I will."

Then said the doctor: "But what if His will should be to cast thee into hell; what wouldst thou do then?"

"Cast me into hell! His goodness holds Him back therefrom. Yet if he did, I should have two arms to embrace Him withal. One arm is true humility, and therewith am I one with His holy humanity. And with the right arm of Love, that joineth His holy divinity, I

would embrace Him so that He must come with me into hell likewise.' And even so, I would sooner be in hell, and have God, than in heaven, and not have Him."

Then understood this master, that a true resignation to the divine will, with utter humility, was the nearest way to God.

Moreover the master asked: "From whence comest thou?"

The poor man answered: "From God."

"Where hast thou found God?"

"I found Him when I had renounced all creatures."

"But who art thou?" asked the doctor.

"I am a king," said the beggar. "My kingdom is my soul. All my powers, within and without, do homage to my soul. This kingdom is greater than any kingdom on earth."

"What hath brought thee to this perfection?"

"My silence, my heavenward thoughts, my union with God. For I could rest in nothing less than God. Now I have found my God, and have everlasting rest and joy in Him."

WAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

On the highway would'st thou gather
Blossoms sweet and rich and rare?
Plant the seed in thine own garden,
Watch and tend with loving care.

Sun and rain will surely ripen,
Birds and breeze will scatter wide
The good seed, 'till by the pathway
Rarest flowers coyly hide.

Only waiting for thy coming
To reveal their presence blest,
Gladly yielding their sweet perfume
As thou hid'st them in thy breast.

But hope not to gather blossoms
As thou tread'st the way so lone,
If in thine own garden only
Thorns and thistles thou hast sown.

FLORA M. SWIFT.

HE who thinks he has nothing to fear from temptation is most exposed to a fall.

HUMILITY is a virtue that all preach, few practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it is a good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

WE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

W. H. FURNESS, D.D.

THE reappearance alive after death. One who stands confessedly the foremost of our race is a fact of most permanent import.

Once received as an event that actually occurred,—and, for my own part, I beg leave to say that I discovered such evidence of its truth as puts it out of my power to doubt it—the necessary conclusion is, that, like all established facts, it is not only in accord with the natural order of things, but a revelation of that order. What a downright violation of the laws of Nature the reappearance of a man alive after death appears to be, I am perfectly aware. Nevertheless, compelled by the evidence to admit the fact, we are bound to conclude that its contradiction of natural laws is only in appearance, and is due, not to the event itself, but to our imperfect knowledge of those laws. If we knew more, we might find that, out of the course of Nature as it seems to be, the resurrection of Jesus—the conditions under which it occurred being considered—was an event altogether natural. But our knowledge is too limited at present to enable us to perceive this. Here there can be no question. Who is there that pretends to know what life is? The physiologists would fain identify it with electricity, magnetism, or some yet more subtle agent, amenable to like physical laws; but the nature of life, and consequently of death, is still a secret which no science has solved.

The resurrection of Jesus, therefore, cannot be affirmed to be either a violation of the order of Nature, or an impossibility in the nature of things. The order of Nature, in this respect, is hidden from us; and so also is the nature of the thing concerned—life. There is reason, then, for the presumption, which always holds good in the case of anomalous facts, that the resurrection of Jesus (admitted, remember, as a fact) is an instance of the operation of some law of Nature as yet undiscovered, some law which this extraordinary event will help us to ascertain. Thus viewed, it will sooner or later, I

death, be found to be, not only in as perfect harmony with the divine order as the rising of the sun and the growing of the grass—a miracle only as all natural events are miraculous—but also a revelation of that order, giving us an insight so far at least into the nature of death that we shall see that death does not destroy it. . . .

I wish to say also in reply to what has often been said to me, "If you believe that Jesus appeared alive to Mary after his execution, you must oppose, then, that death had not actually taken place—that he was not really dead upon the cross," yes, I suppose, nay, I believe, that he was not really dead; and this I believe because I do not believe that any man ever really dies. I do not believe that there is any such thing as what you mean by real death.

And this faith it is which the resurrection of Jesus authorises. This it is that we learn from this ever-memorable event: that death is not what it seems, the entire extinction of man; it is only apparently so, only a physical circumstance which touches not the life of the soul. Thus, in opposition to modern materialism, the resurrection of Jesus attests the pre-eminence of the mind over the body. Not that he rose from the dead to furnish such an attestation. We cannot presume to specify the purpose of this, or, indeed, of any event. I shrink from assuming to know the hidden counsels of the Infinite.

The purely physical nature of death being established, how otherwise can we regard it than as analogous to these other physical changes, with which we are familiar, Birth and Growth, physical processes which, were we not familiar with them, would seem to be just as much at variance as death appears to be with the perpetual of life, but which, so far from interfering with life, are we know necessary to it? Were the unborn child intellectually conscious, would it not shrink from being born, even as we shrink from dying? How could it conceive that it is to survive so great a change as birth must appear to it to be? We know not only that it will survive, but that it can continue to live only by being born—in a word,

that birth is a passing from one state to another and higher. So also is it with growth—the uninterrupted change going on in the body. The fact is so familiar, it awakens no wonder. We cannot imagine, if we are to live, how it could be otherwise; but were we to note this change for the first time, and had we microscopic eyes, and could we see in what a state of incessant coming and going the particles of the physical frame are—how we are here in the midst of an ever-flowing rush of atoms that know no rest—life, our personal identity, maintained under such circumstances, would be to us a miracle forever challenging our faith as death does.

Regarding death as a purely physical event, what is there to forbid us to believe that it discharges the same office as these other and familiar changes? In the resurrection of Jesus, we have an instance of the superiority of the mind to the body. The analogy of Nature encourages us to go one step farther, and to conclude that the dissolution of the body not only does not injure the soul, but, like birth, and growth, and sleep, is a means of life to it. Man lives again then, not although he dies, but because he dies.

The victory of the spirit over the flesh in the resurrection of Jesus does not, however, prove the immortality of the soul, but only this: that the death of the body does not annihilate it; that the soul survives that; that the mind is something more than the result of our physical organisation.

Whether the soul be indestructible—and by the soul, I mean man himself—is another question, to which the soul itself, and that alone, can return a decisive answer.

Does it not stand to reason that what exists to last forever must give evident proof of its everlasting destiny in its constitution? Surely there must be the greatest possible difference between a being constituted to exist only for a limited period and a being constituted to live forever. I say, therefore, man must give evidence in himself of his immortality if so be that he is immortal. . . .

The event accepted as true, suffices

to prove that no mere physical changes can harm the interior being of man. Believing that One, the greatest of our race that I know, passed unharmed through death, and thus disclosed the law of life, the ascendancy of mind over matter, of spirit over flesh, I conclude that the soul is victorious over all other and lesser changes. Since death does not injure it, disease and old age do not.

At present, the divine instinct of our nature is very weak in us all. But all life is a discipline, working to awaken it, to call it forth and crown it with its rightful sovereignty. To this end are all the suffering and the sin, all the tears and the blood that are shed, all the agonies and heart-breakings of life: to stimulate this holy thing, to quicken the God in man. The end is worth the means a thousand times over, black with terror and mystery as these means often are. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which will be revealed in us." He, whose immortal words I quote, knew what suffering is, and had a foretaste of the glory.

Few are they in any age, in whom, in this brief morning twilight of our being, the effect of this stern but most gracious ministry of the Eternal Providence has been witnessed in any impressive degree. But these few, who have turned from darkness to light, from the power of things finite and transitory to the Infinite and the Everlasting—these are the heralds of a life undying. Here on earth, in them the corruptible has put on incorruption, the mortal, immortality.

At the head of these stands the Crucified, who, in filial obedience to the God within, in the bloom of his years, hating his mortal life when it would bar his upward way, went serenely to bitter death, and so left us our grandest warrant of an imperishable existence. Thus, while his empty tomb attests the soul's power over death, it is his cross that vindicates its immortality.

We have yet so to sympathise with him as to be able to behold the immortal in him in the fulness of its God-like beauty. Were we able to ascend into

his sphere, and to know his personal power, we should no longer think it incredible that he rose from the dead. Our eyes would be opened to discern the mighty spiritual strength that was in him, the transcendent energy of will by which he broke the chains of death and awoke from the deep slumber.

We can sympathise with him; but only on one inexorable condition: what was his life must become our life. Until truth is supreme in us as it was in him, our faith in immortality can be only a dream. A living faith in eternal life springs from a consciousness of those affections which, as we have seen, show themselves to be immortal; and upon the vigour of their exercise the depth of that consciousness of an undying life depends.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.

1. To escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but it did not succeed. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

2. To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.

3. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on all sides by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

4. To be a growing man by looking to your position in society for influence instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.

BE KIND TO THE LIVING.

WE live in a world where nothing is
ere. To-day our friends are about us
at the freshness and bloom of health
and spirits; to-morrow we bend in
anguish over their still forms; and it is
all if no bitter regrets mingle with
the tears we shed upon their white
aces. Oh, life is insecure, and the
brightest and most promising of all our
treasures may, perhaps, soonest droop
and fade. And when one dies, how
anxious we are to do him homage!
We speak of his virtues, we excuse his
faults, and spread the mantle of charity
over his vices, which, while he lived,
we had no patience with. If we only
had, we might have won him to a better
life. Had we exercised toward him a
little of the forbearance and kindness
with which we now speak of him, he
had had fewer faults. How often his
heart ached and cried out for human
sympathy—for our sympathy—we may
never know; and if we could, it is too
late to undo the past, too late to soothe
and benefit him. We may not take up
the broken threads of life that are gone
and weave them into a web of hope
and joy; but toward those who are still
left to us, who have ears to hear, and
hearts to throb with pain and grief, we
may be generous and just, forgiving,
loving, and kind.

Do not wait till the faithful, devoted
wife, who has tried so hard to make
your home pleasant and comfortable, is
dead, to show her kindness. No
funeral pomp, no costly monument,
with loving words inscribed thereon,
will make up for past neglect. Could
the fond kisses that are now imprinted
on her cold lips, and the murmured
words of endearment that fall unheeded
upon her ear, have been hers while
living, there would have been no woman
in all this wide world fonder or happier.

Do not wait till the hands of the
tired, patient mother are folded over
the heart that has so often thrilled with
joy, or beaten wildly with pain on your
account, to do her honour. By the
memory of all the loving offices which
she has performed for you from infancy
all the way to manhood, or woman-
hood, keep your love for her deep and

ardent, dutifully respect and reverence
her, repay with interest the tender
love and care that she has lavished
upon you, and strive to make her last
days restful, happy, and peaceful.

Be especially kind to the little ones.
The world will deal harshly enough
with them; it is a rough world at the
best. Surround them with an atmo-
sphere of love, and instil into their
hearts noble feelings and principles
while you may; for, sooner than you
think, other and less holy influence
will be brought to bear upon them.

Be kind to the sad, the sorrowful,
the unfortunate, the erring, and the
fallen. Kind words and kindly acts
cannot hurt them, and may do them a
world of good.

LEARN TO KEEP HOUSE.

[No young lady must read this.]

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair
queens,
Some in your twenties and some in your
teens,
Seeking accomplishments worthy your
aim,
Striving for learning, thirsting for fame;
Taking such pains with the style of your
hair,
Keeping your lily complexion so fair;
Miss not this item in all your gay lives,
Learn to keep house.

Now your Adonis loves sweet moonlight
walks,
Hand clasps and kisses and nice little
talks.
Then as plain Charley, with burden of
care,
He must subsist on more nourishing fare;
He will come home at the set of the sun
Heartsick and weary, his working day
done,
Thence let his slippered feet ne'er wish to
roam.
Learn to keep house and you'll keep him
at home.

Learn to keep house.

First in his eyes will be children and wife,
Joy of his joy and life of his life;
Next his bright dwelling, his table, his
meals,
Shrink not at what my pen trembling
reveals.
Maiden romantic, the truth must be told,
Knowledge is better than silver or gold;
Then be prepared in the spring-time of
health,
Learn to keep house though surrounded
by wealth,

Learn to keep house.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

REMEMBER, God delivers only those who do their utmost to deliver themselves.

It is not position that gives influence; it is character. What men are, determines their power over others.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT.—The man who mends his own business has a good, steady employment.

HARD OF HEARING.—Two ladies, both of them a little dull in the hearing, were in church one day when the minister had for his text: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." They listened patiently enough, but when they got out, the one said to the other, "Keep me, Janet, wasna yon an awful text the minister had the day?—'Excep' we pay our rent, we're a' to be putten out o' the parish."

THE LIGHT FAILING.—A well-known attorney who has arrived in the neighbourhood of the meridian of life, has recently mounted a pair of eye-glasses. An old friend encountered him in his office, and noticing the new departure, remarked, "So you have come to eye-glasses at last, do you?" "Well—yes—I put them on occasionally," was the reply. "Eyes beginning to fail you, eh?" "No not at all. My eyes are just as good as they were when I was a boy, but I don't think the *light* is quite as good," and he smiled as he said it; and then they both smiled.

MUSIC A STIMULANT.—Alfieri, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after," a circumstance which has often been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had music often played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his own solemn inspirations; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Boraloue or Masillon, was once found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within a short interval, he was to preach before the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together he would forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

A RUSSIAN COACHMAN.—A driver in Russia holds the reins in both hands, and carries no whip. He manages his horses entirely by talking to them, and if he belongs to an aristocratic family he never raises his voice above a well-bred tone. His talk, however, is curious. If the horses go well, he praises and flatters them, calling them all sorts of affectionate names; but if they are lazy it is quite different, he then scolds them roundly, shames them, and calls them hard names. It sounds very droll to people whose coachmen guide almost entirely by reins and whip, and scarcely open their lips.

SING TO THE CHILDREN.—We know not how long the several strains of a father or mother's voice is remembered. A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognise their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with fast-throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft tones began to sing the touching hymn which she had long been wont to sing to her little ones. The first stanza was not completed before a boy and a girl left the group, ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom.

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